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# My Scout

By Merritt Lamb

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The Author

# MY SCOUT

## AND OTHER POEMS

By

**MERRITT LAMB**

Eagle Scout, Scout Commissioner, and Member
of the National Council
Boy Scouts of America

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1916

Drawings By
JOSEPH H. KORFF, Second Class Scout

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## Note of Dedication

The Other Country Boy:-

It is to you, my little friend out there in the blue overalls that I joyously inscribe this humble product of leisure moments. May you, while yet at home, and young and strong, learn to appreciate, may you learn to enjoy the blessings which the great God has bestowed upon you. May you return the love of your father and mother and all with thoughts that are pure, with words that are kind, with hands that are willing to work. May you, from the wild life about, find answer to the eternal Why and How.

You are the product of a thousand generations, —not of one. Each of those ancestors, in his turn, raised the old standard of physical, mental, and moral culture a little higher—brought it a little nearer to the perfect end. Will you, then, in this age of the world, undo the achievements of a thousand forefathers? Will you bring to nought their toil and tears? Will you squander, will you hoard up to a selfish end, that strong body, that intelligent mind, that honest heart, and that chivalrous soul which they have given you? No, you can not! You are not an heir. You are a divinely appointed guardian of those things. It is your business to invest them in a life of worthwhile service for your land and flag, for your race and your world. It is your duty to pass them on renewed, enlarged, and honored to those who in turn will follow you.

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## Introductory Sketch of the Author

by

CHARLES HOWARD MILLS

**Superintendent of Muncipal Recreation and Scout Commissioner, Grand Rapids, Michigan.**

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No matter how pleasing and appealing the verse in this little book may be to a person, the very deepest impression can come to one only after he knows the young, virile, cheerful author. When you meet Merritt Udell Lamb you feel not only as if a "live wire" had gripped you, but as though you had been connected directly to the main dynamo, - and you have. His erect carriage, square shoulders, firm decisive step show the military bearing and discipline in his make-up, and those qualities that won for him the Governor's commission as First Lieutenant in the National Guard. The firm lower jaw of determination gives way only to the ever-present beaming smile of his friendly, sincere countenance. His eyes are ever sparkling not only with jovial good cheer, but with the deeper sympathetic understanding of life,—its sorrows and its joys.

Traced directly back to good old Puritan stock, Merritt was born to Thomas K. and Georgia Remington Lamb, April 4, 1892, on a farm near the town of Rockford, Michigan. Nature could not have done better in selecting such a favorable spot in which to rear, in which to train the bursting energies of this sturdy lad and his four brothers. The real farm life, the pure air, the sunshine, the birds

and trees, the "old swimmin' hole" all played their invaluable part in shaping the character of the impressionable youth. This was fertile soil for the seeds of poetic inspiration. Neither could better parents have been selected. More than parents, they were companions. They gave him things to do and required obedience; furnished him with plenty of plain food and sufficient clothing, and saw that work and play, study and rest were mixed in the right proportion.

From early boyhood he showed himself a leader. All the way from his little fifth grade captaincy of a boys' drill corps to the presidency of his senior high school class this was clearly shown. The natural inclination which sprung up during his school days was along mechanical lines. Study, practice and perserverance enabled him when a mere boy to invent an entirely new type of electrical motor and to do things in wireless telegraphy that astonished the entire neighborhood. This led him to study at the Grand Rapids Business College, after which training he accepted a responsible position as operator and assistant agent at a railroad office in Muskegon. During the long weary hours of night, down on the lonesome railroad pier, there was something buzzing through this young man's head besides the click of the sounder. He must write. The inspiration and impulse from his heart and mind must have expression. So it was here that some of these little verses first saw the light.

Business projects were most successfully tried and he held good positions in the sales department

of a large manufacturing establishment, and later was state engineer and salesman for a prominent electrical firm. But all the time there was pulling on the heartstrings of this lover of nature, and not least of all, human nature, the real desire to minister to the welfare of his hundreds of little brothers. Today he is recognized as a most successful professional boys' work director. Choosing what is probably the most powerful medium in America today for the developing of resourceful "men of tomorrow" out of the boys of today, namely, the Boy Scouts of America, he has risen step after step up the ladder of promotion, — from Scout Master to Commissioner and Executive Secretary to National Councilman. He holds the highest attainable honor of Eagle Scout and possesses the Bronze Cross for life-saving, having put his very life in jeopardy for that of a comrade. "A man is judged by his friends." No man could be prouder of his friends than Merritt Lamb is of the hundreds of boys of all classes and kinds who flock to him for aid and service. He feels himself to be truly an affinity with every boy he meets.

One who has been privileged to associate with this man and get a peek into the real understanding of his soul can not help but find in his verses, here published, reflections upon the actual events of his own life,—a life brim full of work, play, excitement, sorrow and joy. I know that this little volume, which I deem it a privilege to hereby present to the public, will touch a kindred spot of appreciation in the minds and hearts of many others.

CHARLES HOWARD MILLS

## First Call

My verse, perhaps, is rather plain
And lacks the fancy flashes,
Perhaps it also has a strain
That soothes as well as smashes.

I've wrote again in other words
No great and learned riddle,
But tried the tunes of singing birds
Upon my heart-string fiddle.

I've chosen not the loftiest themes,
But just broke out in joy
To tell you of my sweetest dreams
While still a country boy.

## My Scout

Give me a scout with some "git-up-and-git,"
Some ginger behind it, some gumption and grit;
Give me a scout with some punch and some pep,
Some sand in his nerve and some life in his step;
Give me a scout that will tackle and buck
The line in its strongest, - the scout with the pluck.

With me on the hike I don't like the scout
Who is always behind and always fagged out;
Nor care for the one that mumbles and moans
And sneaks from the work with the rest of the drones;
I like a feller that's gamey to stick
In climbing the mountain or fording the crick.

The scout that's got the "go-to-it-and-git"
Will never regret his hustling a bit:
He wears on his coat the badges that show
That he's got the steam and is willing to go.
He leads his patrol, the best in the troop,
And he, himself, is best in the group.

But the best of his Scouting you never saw--
He daily lives up to his oath and his law;
He does his good turn and says not a word;
He plays the game squarely, no grumbling is heard;
His arm is strong and his step is sure;
His eye is keen and his heart is pure.

Thus Scouting, my boy, some day you will be
The kind of a man we all like to see,—
The man that takes pride in his town and his state,
In himself, in his friends, in his work and estate.
Scout on, scout on, my laddie, and be
The kind of a scout we all like to see!

## Breaking the Calf

Say believe me it is fun
To break a calf to drive,
When the breaking is begun
And hard you have to strive—
Strive with muscle, might, and main
To hold the frightened calf,—
Strive so hard, but all in vain,
And hear the others laugh;
While with sweat upon your brow,
And running down your face,
Best you try to show them how
To run the calf a race!

Fun it is, oh yes 'tis fun,
But keep your temper should
Race by calf perchance be won—
You know it really would
Not be proper for you to,
To blame the calf for that,
Nor to show your anger hue
And make the critter blat:
Tie the ribbon to his tail,
The blue one he has won,
Let him bunt around his pail,
And kick and snort and run.

S'pose that you, while in the race,
Do stub you toe and fall,
Bump your head and skin your face,-
And oh, still worse than all,
When you kick the stone the blow,
You smash or bruise or break,
And "bung it up", your biggest toe,
Is reason that to make
Flushed with anger all your face,
And air about you blue?
Next to first is second place—
There's still a chance for you!

## It's Good For Me

It's good for me to plow once more
The fields I use to plow,
To turn the sod I turned of yore
When father taught me how:
To watch the weeds and stubble nod
Behind the straining team,
To watch the colter cut the clod
Beneath the curving beam,
To feel the shearing of the share
Below the gaze of all,
To watch the furrows rise and flare,
To watch the furrows fall.

It's good for me to meditate,
While resting on the plow,
About the things of home and state,
The future, past, and now:
It's good for me to wander back
Along the trail of years,
And note the winding of my track
Through fun of Life and tears;
It's good for me to soar above
In future years to see
The bright and happy home of Love,
The home I will shall be.

It's good for me to rise again,
From resting on the plow,
And plow the field before the rain
By making most of NOW:
To watch the weeds and stubble nod
Behind the straining team,
To watch the colter cut the clod
Beneath the curving beam,
To feel the shearing of the share
Below the gaze of all,
To watch the furrows rise and flare,
To watch the furrows fall.

## Babble, Babble Little Brook

O babble, babble, little brook,
And through the meadows wend;
I love to see you wind about
And shoot around the bend;
I love to hear your liquid notes;
I love the song you sing;
I love the joy that downward floats;
I love the peace you bring.
So ripple on, and sparke on,
And babble on your way:
I love to hear the songs you sing;
I love the tunes you play.

## We Need Men

We need men to lead men
  Who love the righteous joys
To know men and show men,-
  The coming men, the boys.
And these men must seize men
  And help them thru the strife,
Be brave men and save men
  To live a useful life.
The great men don't hate men,
  But live and toil and die
To raise men, not amaze men,-
    Oh such a man were I!

## The Fanning Mill

It may be in a fancy mill
That's painted red and fair,
It may be in the breezy wind
That whistles through the air;
But this the farmer always did,
And does, and always will:
He always fans his sowing seed
In some sort of a mill.

When Dad was poor and I was young,
A very little lad,
He fanned his grain out in the wind,
The only mill he had;
But that same seed, he planted it,
He sowed it in the field
Which he had plowed and harrowed down
To make it goodly yield.

And when the harvest time was come,
That field of golden grain
Waved there for him a recompense
For muscle work and brain—
Waved there for him a recompense
He faltered not to reap,
To reap, to thresh, to sell, to give,
And yet a portion keep.

In later years when older grown,
With earnings thus he bought
A fanning mill to fan his grain,
And me a lesson taught.

He taught me how to turn the crank,
And how to run the mill;
He taught me how to judge the grain,
The hopper how to fill.

He taught me how to plow the field,
To harrow and to sow,
To reap the grain, to bind it up,
To store it up below—
Below the rafters of the barn,
And how to thresh and sell,
How much to give, how much to keep,
And how to use it well.

Are not our thoughts the grains of seed,
A mixture good and bad;
Would not our thoughts bring greater yield
By sifting out the sad;
By fanning out the useless chaff
And sowing but the good,-
And sowing that in fertile field
We've plowed the way we should?

Is not it best to work and reap,
And thresh the golden grain,
And pay your bills, and help the poor,
And use the goodly gain?
Is not it best to thus improve
Yourself and others now,
By cranking up your fanning mill
Like father taught me how?

## The Omniscient Scout Master

Can you tell me who's the fellow
That we see a-hiking by,
With the bunch of boys behind him,-
With the twinkle in his eye?

Can you tell me what's the matter
Of that bunch of boys to-day:
They're a manly bunch of business
Be it in their work or play?

He's the master of the Boy Scouts,
And a hero, too, as well,
For I know a little laddie
And I've often heard him tell.

And the fellows that are with him,
  And that trip along with glee,
Of his troop are worthy members,
  And their number thirty-three.

Gee, but how they shoot him questions;
  Why, it is a holy fright!
And they all expect an answer,
  And an answer that is right.

You must be a David Crockett,
  You must be an Edison,
You must be a Noah Webster,
  And a wise old Solomon.

You must be a mountain climber,
  And a camper to be sure,
And the famous story teller
  Of the corner grocery store.

You must know each tree and flower,
  Each and every bird and bug;
Know the names of cars and busses
  By their far-off muffled chug.

You must have the faith of Moses,
  You must have the grit of Grant,
You must have the stick of stickum,
  And the **can** instead of can't.

You must have the pep of pepper,
And the wit of Pat and Mike;
You must be a Charlie Chaplin,
Just to cheer along the hike.

You must gig and dance the hornpipe
You must lasso, swim and run;
You must know the stars and planets,
And the specks upon the sun.

You must be the family doctor,
And the-fire chief and the cop;
You must be a wireless ticker
With an insulated top.

You must beat an Irish woman
Cooking for the Scouts in camp,
When the morning air is frosty
And the evening dews are damp.

You must be a patient teacher,
And believe in what you teach;
You must be a faithful preacher;
You must practice what you preach.

Oh it's great to be a leader
In this "Scouting for the Boy",
And to feel so young and happy
That you nearly bust for joy.

Oh it's great to be a leader
And to sit among the boys,
Just to listen to their stories
And their singing and their noise.

Oh it's great to be a leader
And to sit alone and plan
How to help some little Jimmie
Help himself to be a man.

## Trusty Tommy

TRUSTY TOMMY was a Scout,
LOYAL to his mother,
HELPFUL to the folks about,
FRIENDLY to his brother;
COURTEOUS to the girl he knew,
KIND to all his rabbits,
OBEDIENT to his father true,
CHEERFUL in his habits;
THRIFTY, saving for a need,
BRAVE, but not a faker,
CLEAN in thought and speech and deed,
REVERENT to his maker

## Churning For Butter

Our old black cow she used to eat
  The green grass of the medder,
The yeller corn, the garden beet,
  The brownish bran we fed her.
But this I never understood,
  Or even as I write,
Is how the durn old critter could
  Give down a milk that's white.

We use to strain the milk into
  The clumsy pans and crocks,
And set them gently two by two
  Within the pantry box.
But this it kind o' puzzled me,
  A funny thing 'twould seem,
As how next mornin' there would be
  A half an inch of cream.

We skimmed the cream into a jar,
  And when 'twas full we churned it:
It's bad to spill a batch of cream—
  I know it 'cause I learned it.
It kind o' puzzled me to name,
  The while I sat a churnin',
The reason why the butter came
  By sitting there and turnin'.

I turned and turned and churned and churned,
And whistled while I turned it,
I churned and churned and turned and turned,
And when it came I earned it.
But just before the butter came,
The slushin' changed to thumpin'
The glass was black, my arm was lame,
My back it ached of humpin'!

I stopped the churn and opened it,—
A sissing sound and sputter,—
I pulled the cork, - the buttermilk
Ran off and left the butter.
The golden lump within the churn
It made me sort o' think
About the value of the TURN,
From labor not to shrink.

The butter then was taken up
And worked within a bowl,
And mixed with salt and mixed with work,
And shaped into a roll.
And always on the market there
Was great demand good,
The butter that the farmer made,
And mixed the way he should.

So as I spread my butter on
  My bread before I eat,
I somehow sort o' ponder on
  The work I use to meet:
It somehow sort o' seems to me
  We're something like the cow,
And to produce the purest thought
  Need var' us kinds of "chow";

And that our thoughts should set awhile
  Before we skim the cream—
Should rest in meditation some,
  And in the daily dream.
The cream of thought we then should churn,
  Till slushin' comes to thumpin',
Till we who turn by turning learn
  The value of our humpin'.

And when the golden butter comes,
  To recompense our striving,
It should be mixed with honest work
  Within the bowl of Living.
The salt of Life must enter in
  Before we shape the roll
To put it on the market as
  The essence of our soul.

## The Old Swimming Hole

Remember you the shady bend
In Rogue's old rocky stream?
The willows wept where round it swept,
But wept for joy 'twould seem.

For under them we've dressed and dressed,
The times nobody knows,—
Undressed in rain and dressed in pain,
Untied and tied up clothes.

I wonder if the path remains
Down which I know we've run,
And with a leap dove in the deep
A thousand times and one.

Oh many are the times that we
Have raced around the bend,
And many, too, the times that you
Have beat me in the end.

And many are the kids that you
And I have taught to swim
In that old pool, so clear and cool,
That gave us grit and vim.

If every spot we've dove into
That stream a hole had stayed,
An old screen door, rent down and tore,
Would 'pear the place we played.

Our swimming trail wound by the creek
Down to the river's side,
Which swept along so swift and strong,
And somber, deep, and wide.

And there it turned unto the north
Along the mighty bluff,-
The Olden Trail of early mail,
A rugged trail and rough.

The old pig-stile astride the fence
Has fallen down they say;
The stately tree we use to see
Can not be seen today.

The tall and mottled sycamore
That arched above the stream,
'Twas fun to climb its highest limb
And carve our names and dream.

I've often wished again to climb
And pick the wintergreen,
And eat my fill upon the hill
Of berries red and clean.

The waters of the meadow spring
  Once bubbled cool and clear
For us to drink, to make us think
  Of swimming all the year.

The pasture lane we use to wend,
  It's bars are in decay;
And Old Irve Starr has journeyed far,
  And ceased his tunes to play.

But round the bend the river flows
  To irrigate the soul
Of growing boy with vim and joy:-
  The same old swimming hole.

To my brother George.

## The Cosmic Way

How oft in days I've dreaming thought
Of wondrous deeds my God has wrought;
How oft at night I've wandered thru
The pasture grasses wet with dew
To gaze alone and meditate
On reason why His Plan so great—
To study God from Nature's book.
The sparkling spring and babbling brook,
The singing bird and humming bee,
The lowly herb and stately tree,
The valley low and mountain high,
The boundless plain and blazoned sky,
The burning sun and mellow moon,
The gentle winds that sweetly croon
A lullaby unto the sea,—
They all, they all teach this to me:
Conception of my own small life
As part of that Eternal Strife
He willed should be the Cosmic Way
From Chaos down to Judgement Day.

## The Time To Tap

When warming winds of early spring
  And slanting sunrays melt
The crusted snow, and brooklets flow,
  A potent call is felt.

The woodland calls unto the lad
  And makes his pulses drum:
He climbs and sniffs the wafting whiffs
  That from the meadows come.

He sees afar the sugar-bush,
  He smells the seeping sap:
The surging joy breaks from the boy,
  And tells the time to tap.

And like the snow his sorrows melt,
  And streams of gladness swell:
And Life awakes, nor waking breaks
  The Mighty Magic Spell.

## The Man Behind

When "idees" use to cram' my head,
I usually went and did them,
If there were not a sterner law
Or bigger man forbid them.

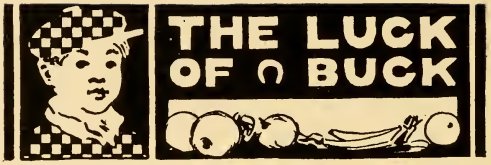
When funny shows were in our town,
The clowns, we liked to see them;
When they were gone and on their way,
We always tried to be them.
When Monte Cristo came aroun',
We thought our plan and made it;
And when the folks had gone away,
We built a stage and played it.

The stage, of crates and wooden door,
Up in our room we built it;
The scenic curtain was the one
Our mother once had quilt-ed;
The surging sea it was no more
But feather bed--we shook it;
The rising moon, the setting sun,
The lantern, where we took it.

My brothers four the players were;
And I the man behind:
I rose the moon, I set the sun,
I made the planets mind;
I caused the wind to whiz and whir,
I made the surges roll—
Unseen, the hardest work was fun
That tickled in my soul.

I've got an 'idee' in my head
To play the Play of Man,
By building up the stage I need
With what I've got at han',
By shaking up the lazy bed,
By tuning up the mind,
By doing hard the daily deed
And keeping SELF behind.

For players once my brothers were,
And I the man behind:
I rose the moon, I set the sun,
I made the planets mind;
I caused the wind to whiz and whir,
I made the surges roll—
Unseen, the hardest work was fun
That tickled in my soul.




"It's funny Buck has so much luck,"
I heard a schoolmate say,
"For never stuck was Lucky Buck,-
The luck just falls his way."

The chickens cluck about the duck
That waddled thru the mire;
But how the duck got thru the muck,
They never did enquire.

And when the duck so boldly struck
Straight out across the pond,
She heard them cluck and clack and cluck
Upon the bank beyond.

And when the duck had filled her ruck,
She started back again:
She heard them cluck about her luck,
And wonder where she'd been.

But that old duck cared not a shuck
About their cluck and clack,
Because her PLUCK had brought her luck,
And not her quake and quack.

But once the luck went' gainst the duck,-
The chickens thought that way;-
They thought a puck or some woodchuck
Had killed her in the hay.

So they, they stuck, for fear of puck,
Around the house and lee,
And ate their truck, laid eggs for Buck,
And cackled in their glee.

But one day duck with broodlings struck
Across the pond to land;
And thru the muck, up lane to Buck,
She marshalled on her band.

The hens still cluck about that duck,
And cackle in their glee:
Some MEN say Buck is full of luck,—
But some say PLUCK for me.

## The Old 'Crick'

O listen! Say, I seem to hear
  The little 'crick' that's flowin',
Where willows tall and beeches small
  Upon its banks are growin'.

Through meadows green it wends its way
  From lake down to the river;
And in its route the lusty trout
  Darts here and there a quiver.

We knew 'most every swimmin' hole
  In both the 'crick' and river;
O in what stress we use to dress
  With chatterin' teeth and shiver!

O many hours we've labored hard
  To dam the little river,
To find our pain was spent in vain;
  For it goes on forever.

It checks the drough, it drains the flood,
  Its good for bathing, drinkin',
The wheels of town it turns around:
  Inspires a man to thinkin'.

O do not spoil the little stream
  That makes the brimmin' river:
It helps us all, both great and small;
  And surely He's the giver.

## Fishing Time

The First of May has come again!
It was so hard to wait
I strung my pole last night and stole
And dug a can of bait.

The low gray streaks of dawn appear,
The stars grow faint and dim:
We kids in teens jump in our jeans,-
My brother, me, and him.

And who is him? Why it is he,
A schoolboy friend of mine,
Who loves the charm out on the farm,
A jolly friend and fine.

"And if you're hungry, follow me,-
Just follow, Fat, behind,
And I will show—I think I know,—
A jar of cookies; mind?"

We steal from there with stealthy tread
With pockets full of "bite";
We do not wait, but grab our bait,
And soon are out of sight.

We wallow up along the creek
Thru pastures wet with dew;
We do not speed, but fish and feed:
The fish we get are few.

I feel one nibbling at the bait:
A big one is my thought;
But jerking it begins a fit,—
A snaky snag is caught.

My line gets tangled in the brush;
I pull my 'big one' out,
But off he drops, and flips and flops,-
I lose my biggest trout.

I keep it up and perservere,
And fish and fish and fish,
And walk the logs, and jump the bogs,
And bait and yank and swish.

But as the sun is rising up
Above the eastern green,
In little wood of maples good,
A dandy hole is seen.

And here beneath the grayish foam,
By fallen log and stump,—
An awful bite, a good one right!
My heart begins to thump.

A feeling jerk to test the hook,—
He leaps and darts about;
The package line it makes him mine,-
The season's speckled trout.

Up to the lake we fish the creek,-
We're out for savory dish,
Forget our books, just bait our hooks,
And fish for the gamey fish.

And many are the farmer lads,
And men and boys from town,
We meet that day, that morn of May,
As back we wander down.

The men from town have fancy rods,
And reels and silken line,
And boots and such that beats the Dutch,-
They really do look fine.

The farmer lad, a can of worms,
A pole that's cut from beech,
An inward grace, a smiling face,--
A lesson he can teach.

For 'neath that hat of tattered straw,
That smiling face of tan
Of barefoot boy shows nought but joy,-
The stuff that makes the man.

Was ever yet more happiness
Chucked in a country boy?
Without a doubt his string of trout
Caused much his smiling joy.

There was one man I'll ne'er forget,-
It was Old Deacon Waite;
Tho bent and gray, he loved the May,-
He loved to cast the bait.

He loved to fish in Barclay Creek,-
He'd be there every day;
But always on the Sabbath morn
To church he went to pray.

He passed around the offering box,
With slow and solemn gait,
And wrapt in joy he chewed "Rob Roy,"-
He did, did Deacon Waite.

But Deacon Waite died long ago,
And Fat moved far away:
My friends have went, and I am bent,
I'm seamed and old and gray.

But still the same old creek flows on,
And in it plies the trout,
And barefoot boys enjoy the joys
That once I did, no doubt.

But how I long to perservere,
And fish and fish and fish,
And walk the logs, and jump the bogs,
And bait and yank and swish.

## The Prisoner Paul

Within a city in the days of old,
In a dungeon deep and dark and cold,
In shackles held by iron chains,
Surrounded, too, by ghost remains
Of men who there had moaned and died,
Of men who there had groaned and died
Yet chained unto the prison stones,
A sightless wreck of skin and bones,—
Surrounded thus within the gloom
They waited for their coming doom:
In the awful dark they braved it all,--
The singing Silas and the preacher Paul.

Thus in jail they had been cast,
And made to the rings of iron fast,
Because they had to people taught
What Christ before his death had sought
To teach:—that they should live and love
And render to the God above
Alone their thanks and reverence all—
'Twas this that Silas taught, and Paul.

All through the night the sickly moaned,
All through the night the dying groaned!
The awful bolts of lightning flashed!
Terrific, too, the thunder crashed!

The rusty chains and aching bones
Both shook against the slimy stones!
But calmly yet they braved it all,
The Christian Silas and the Christian Paul.

Much comfort to themselves they brought
By singing songs they'd often taught;
Nor yet by doom were they dismayed—
With hopeful hearts they often prayed.
Such faith as their's but few have shown;
Such hope as their's but few have known!
Were not our hope and faith so small,
But like the hope and faith of Paul.

But lo! while yet the storm without
Raged hard and drove the things about,
A deeper rumbling from afar
Shook each stone and prison bar!
An earthquake split the pavement floor,
And crumbled down the prison door!
The iron ring fell from the wall,-
But yet stayed Silas and with him Paul.

The jailor stern was terrified,
And armed with sword he ran and cried!
He feared before the break of day
The men within should break away.
But when he came unto the cell,
He heard them answer, "All is well."
"We both are here sir, when you call:
Fear not for Silas, nor yet for Paul."

The better man within him woke
To hear the words the others spoke.
He brought them out and meekly said,
With tearful eyes and drooping head,
"What must I do,"—again he braved,
"What must I do, sir, to be saved?"
"Believe in Christ, sir" then spoke Paul.
They knelt and prayed by the prison wall.

## The Hardest Thing

The hardest thing for a man to do,
And the worse thing he can try,
Is to get along without a friend,
And live alone and die.

## Good Old Skating Time

Skating on old Wellbrook's pond!
Gee, but listen, say 'twas fond
Sport of we boys on the farm,
When was shown old Winter's charm
By artistic frosted pane,
By the creaking weather vane
Pointing west into the snow
Blowing in the wind with low,
Low mysterious whistling sound
Up the valley and around
Good old farm house on the hill.

Ah, I'm young once more! — but still,
I am not! I seem to hear
Chiming sleigh bells sweet and clear,
As the farmer down the road
Drives his team with big sleigh-load,
Handcut wood for village use.
The call is felt! but what excuse?
None is needed—father looks,
And we drop our reading books,
Grab our home-knit mittens thick,
Grab our skates and shinney stick,
Hook a ride unto the pond,
Over hill, half mile beyond.
Use to skate when he 'as a boy—
Can't tell him about the joy!

Skates once on, around we spin,
Warming up before the din
Of the battle is begun.
Many games are lost and won
Ere the sun of Saturday
Throws its last regretful ray
O'er the snow-clad hill in west,
Calling skaters home to rest:
For you know 'tis hard to see
Shinny ball when straight and free
It is knocked from dam to end,
Or is lost in weedy bend.

Of the skaters all around,
Even of the boys from town,
None could equal quite the tricks
Of our skating hero "Bicks".
He could write his name on ice,
Carve a powder horn so nice,
Cut a circle either way,
Skate one-footed, too, and say,
He could do one stunt so slick,—
Jump 'twixt hands o'er shinny stick.

Sometimes, too, we use to skate
On the pond by moon till late.
Then, perhaps, once too I did
Skate with girl. A learning kid,
Had my share of shocking spills,
Blackened shin-bones, shaking chills.
Oh the fun I'll ne'er forget!
Somehow, tho, I do regret
That I'm not as once, a boy,
Full of vim and full of joy.

## Keep A-Going

When along the trail you're tramping,
With your shoulder to the pack,
Sing and whistle, - keep a-going.
When at last the trail has ended
And you're turning to come back,
Sing and whistle, - keep a-going.

When your haversack is empty
And your stomach's worse than that,
Pull your belt, and keep a-going.
When the thorns have torn your clothing
And the wind has got your hat,
Never mind, but keep a-going.

When your frame is telescoping
And your back is awful bent,
Set your will to keep a-going.
Reinforce your spinal column,
Iron girders and cement,—
Straighten up and keep a-going.

When your eyes are wet by crying
And you're feeling mighty blue,
Just forget it,- keep a-going.
Let the sunshine of your laughter
Drive away the mist and dew,--
Crack a smile and keep a-going.

## Boyhood Warfare

Country hills and valleys lie
Robed once more in whiteness by
Crystal snows; and they appear
Just as good to me and dear
As when Summer's verdant green
Swathed them round, and there were seen
Flocks of sheep and herds of kine
Basking in the morning shine,
Standing in the noon-day shade,
Browsing herb and meadow blade.

Let us waddle now once more,
As we did in days of yore,
Thru the banks of drfted snow
Deep beside the road, and go—
Go right to it with a zeal—
Ah, I'm old, but young I feel—
Go right to it, should it melt,
Have a good old fight and pelt—
Pelt each other on the head,
In the back, and call them dead,
They who fall, and cowards they,
In this warlike, boyhood play,
Who first turn in fleeing back
From the melee of attack!

Let us raid and charge and scout
Clear around and drive them out,
If we can, from arsenal-fort,
Strongly held, the kids report!
Course you know we realize that
Tom's not here, nor Bill, nor Bat,
That these gloves of factory make
Don't the place of mother's take.
Come, old chums, wade in once more
Like we've often done before!

**Farmer Scouts**

## The Farmer Boy

You, my little school-boy, friend
Just a minute will you lend
Ear to what I have to say
To you all upon this day.
I will tell to you a story
Of the farm and of the glory,
Of the happiness and joy
Of your brother farmer boy;
Of the beauties all about,
Of the good things all without
Which the cities could not be,
Nor could be our liberty;
How his horses pull the plow;
How he harrows and just how
And just when he plants the seed;
How he mows the hay for feed;
How he rakes and binds the grain:
Works with muscle, might and main:
Gathers in the ripened fruit;
Of his horses strong but mute;
Of the cattle and the sheep;
How the weeping willows weep
Near the little creek that flows
Through the pasture where he goes;
Of his bird friends and the flowers;
How he spends his leisure hours;
Of his games and winter sports;
Of his battled snow-ball forts:--
Tell you all the fun and joy
Of your brother farmer boy.

## Camp, Boys, Camp

Wake up in the morning as happy as can be,
Sing a little ditty before the "reveille,"
Jump into our breeches without our hat or shoes—
Better get in line than take another snooze.

**Chorus—**

Camp, boys, camp! In camp we want to be!
Camp, boys, camp! The place of liberty!
We can holler all we want to, whistle, sing or whoop,
Have no copper after us and not get in the coup.

Chilly plunge of morning we call the morning dip,
'Cause it is so "dippy," but take this little tip:
Jump right in and quickly bathe and dress,
Be the first in line when the bugle calls "mess."

Like to go out hiking as all good campers do,
Cook our spuds and bacon, and make our hunter's stew;
Cramb into our stomachs the morning 'fore the tramp,
Dozen greasy pancakes, the kind we make in camp.

Tracking in the forest and learning all the trees,
Learning all the animals, and all the birds and bees,
Isn't quite so easy as "Willy" thinks it is,
Still we like to do it, because it is our biz.

Round the roaring camp-fire we love to sit at night,
Tell the ghostly stories that make you faint of fright;
Dance the savage dances of the Indian of the West,
Sing to Nature's music the songs we love the best.

Saw a dozen summers and then became a Scout,
Hope to see another before they kick me out;
Wouldn't lose the honor nor miss the fun a day,
Always have in Scouting with the B. S. A.

## Muskegon My Muskegon

Town of my heart I sing of thee,
Muskegon, my Muskegon;
Thy lake bound shore I love to see,
Muskegon, my Muskegon.
From North Muskegon's farthest pier
To Pigeon Hill with view so clear
Stretches the town we love so dear,
Muskegon, my Muskegon.

When weary of the daily strife,
Muskegon, my Muskegon;
And every thing looks blue in life,
Muskegon my Muskegon;
Come to Muskegon right in style,
Take off your hat and stay awhile,
The boys will make you laugh and smile,
Muskegon, my Muskegon.

We have the lakes and have the woods,
Muskegon, my Muskegon;
For camping time we have the goods,
Muskegon, my Muskegon.
And when you leave old Muskegon,
You'll wish you're back in Muskegon,
So come again to Muskegon,
Muskegon, my Muskegon.

## Dear Old Schoolhouse

Dear old schoolhouse! Dear old schoolhouse!
O you almost make me cry;
For you call back and I fall back,
Just to dream of days gone by.

Dear old school days! Dear old school mates!
Dear old teachers, too, as well!
Oh you call me, you enthrall me,
Like the ringing of the bell!

But the circle of my vision
In my dreaming narrows down,
And it settles on the 'girly'
With the curly locks of brown.

Do not tell me little children
Never really love at all,
Just because their hearts are tender,
And their bodies weak and small,

For I clearly can remember
How my heart would beat for joy
When her eyes reflected sunshine,—
Even though I was a boy.

Do not tell me little children,
They are born in carnal sin,
And that they must pray forgiveness
Ere the Gates they enter in;

For did not the Master Jesus,
Say unto them, "You will see
Only Heaven if you follow
Like the children follow me."

Do not scold the little children;
Do not jaw them all around;
Do not lick and kick and slap them;
Do not knock them up and down.

If you think that they are heathen
And are burdened down with sin,
Open up the holy temple
Of your heart and let them in.

Do not try to model children
Like the sculptor hews his stone:
Just remember they are human,
And are made of blood and bone.

Think of all the misty ages
  Since the monkey first began
Walking upright on his hind legs,
  That it took to make the man.

Then would you within a minute
  Try to shoot the children through
What it took the God Almighty
  Full a million years to do.

Just be patient dear old teacher,
  Just be loving, kind, and true,
For the children sure are learning
  Vastly much in what you do.

Give them pleanty air and sunshine,
  Give them work and lots of play,
Give them all a chance for growing:
  Throw your foolish whims away.

## SHINING MANITO

### A Legend of the Chippewas
### From "The Ghost"

* * *

### INVOCATION

List, my friends, this tribal story;
List this tale of woe and anguish
Of our fathers long departed.
List, my children, to this legend,
To this legend of the Northland,
This tradition of the Indian.

Once along the Pilgrim River,
Near the Portage Lake and Entry,
Camped a band of peaceful Indians,—
Chippewa their tribe was known as.
Here they camped because in summer
They could swim in warmer waters
Than were found in other places;
And canoeing, too, was better,
And the fish were more abundant.
Likewise here they camped in winter
For they loved the sports and races
On the vast and even stretches
Of the Portage Lake and River—
Great indeed their skill on snowshoes.

From the crest across the valley
They could scan afar the country,
They could view the land they loved so,
Gaze upon their grounds for hunting,
Which from rugged point extended
Southward far into the mainland.
All this land was known unto them,
Even all of this Peninsula;
For their fishing trips and hunting,
And their trapping expeditions,
Led them far into the bosom
Of the forests and the mountains.
Seldom, tho, were they offensive,
Seldom they, these peaceful Indians;
Still it was their solemn duty,
Still it was their honor duty
To protect their game from poaching,
To defend their camp from pillage.

Once indeed it so did happen
That one day in early springtime,
When the snow and ice had melted
And the air about was fragrant
With the bursting buds and blossoms,
Up the Bay thru Portage Entry,
Round the bend at early morning
Swept a band of savage Iroquois
In their war-canoes, and war-paint
Blue and yellow stained their faces.

Up the lake they paddled swiftly,
Straining hard their brawny muscles,
Dipping deep their silent paddles.
Up the Lake they paddled onward,
Onward, onward, ever onward,
Looking for some tribe to battle,
Seeking for some camp to pillage.

Noonday rest and meal refreshed them,
Then again they paddled onward,
Knowing not they were discovered,
Knowing not the woods about them
Hid a secret in its silence;—
Onward, onward till the shadows
Of their bodies pointed eastward.

In the fore canoe the Chieftan
Stands and holds one arm, a signal
There to land and end the journey
For the day, and build the camp-fire.

So they do, and on the island,
Just below the Pilgrim River,
Just below the native village,
Camp the band of questing Iroquois.
In their blankets round the camp-fire,
Snugly sleep the weary warriors,
Dreaming not that in the meantime
On the island there were landing
Braves to beat them back and kill them;
Dreaming not that in the meantime
Braves were sneaking round about them
In the shadows of the forest;
Dreaming not that in the morning
They would find themselves in ambush,
There to perish and forever;
Dreaming not that ages after
For their bones and war-like weapons
Men would dig on Battle Island.

Straightway after that great battle
Sped the braves remaining westward,
Westward o'er the range of mountains,
Westward o'er the streams and marshes,
Till they came to mighty river,
To the River Ontanagon,—
Where before they oft had gathered
In pursuance of their ritual.

Here beneath the crystal waters
Which serene and grand were flowing,
Lay resplendent in its glory,—
Shining gold it lay in sunlight,—
Mighty piece of massive copper,
Gift of Manito unto them,
Gitchie Manito, the Mighty.

Knelt the braves all down before it,
Offered up their supplication
To the real God, to the Mighty;
Thanked Him for success in battle,
Prayed that peace should be among them.

Thus it was a tribal custom,
When the snow and ice of winter
Had departed and the springtime
Brought the wild geese clanking northward
And the blossoms and the sunshine,
Every year that they would journey
Westward for their solemn worship
At the brink of Ontanagon.

But it chanced one day returning
From their pilgrimage of worship
That they camped upon a mountain,—
Porcupine they called the mountain,
For the tall and stately pine trees
Bristled far above the maples,
Like the sharp and slender spear-quills
Bristle thru the fur of hedge-hog.

Snugly round their meager camp-fire
Lay the sleeping braves and chieftan,
Breathing deep the fragrant breezes
Wafting upward thru the valley.
But they dreamed not of the morrow,
Dreamed not that the time was coming
When their all they must relinquish,—
Even all their lands for hunting
And the streams and lakes and forest,—
Dreamed not their dusky wig-wams
Must be folded, and forever.

When the morning sun, emerging
From the Waters of Superior,
Shone upon their dusky faces,
Woke they straightway, and, arising,
Stretched their bodies up before it
To be blessed before the journey.
Lo, a shudder ran among them
As a shrill of exclamation
Rose up from the startled Chieftan,
As he stood with blanket fallen,
As he stood in great amazement,
Gazing down into the valley,
Pointing down unto the river!

What was cause of such excitement?
What was cause of such amazement?
What was it that caused the faces
Of these brave and sturdy Indians
Thus to pale, and nerves to tingle?
What was it that caused the beating
Of their hearts like muffled war-drums?

There below upon the water,
In plain view of all the Red-men,
Swam a bird, the greatest ever!
And its wondrous wings were spread'ed
As it swam so swiftly onward,
As it swam so swiftly onward,
Stopping not, nor veering shoreward!

No, it was no bird the Chieftan
Saw before him on the water,
Saw before him in the valley!
"Big canoe," a mighty vessel,
And its spreading sails of canvas
Made the waters part before it,
Made them ripple far behind it,
As it swept so swiftly onward,
As it swept in stately fashion
Round the bend of Portage River.

Straightway called the chief a council
Of his stalwart braves about him,—
On the mountain called a council
To decide the course of action.
So in circle round the camp-fire,
Yet before they broiled their venison,
Were they squatted on their blankets,
Each intent to hear the story
Of the one who then was speaking,—
Each intent to give his counsel,
With his signs and words and gestures,
To his fellow braves and Chieftan.

Strange and many were the rumors
They had learned from tribal neighbors;
Strange and many were the stories
Told around the fire of council:
Some afar on expeditions
Of the chase for game reported
To have seen strange men and ghostly;
To have seen their shining faces,
White as bark upon the birch tree;
To have seen them bear and panther
Kill with heavy sticks they carried.—
Great and wonderous were these white-men,
Greater still their mode of killing:
For these sticks against their shoulders
Boomed and rang and most terrific,
Like a clap of mighty thunder;
Then the fire and smoke from out them
Flashed and rolled in strangest manner,
And the bear lay dead before them!

After all the braves had spoken,
Some of fleeing, some of fighting,
Some of lying in concealment,
To surprise them thus in ambush,
Then uprose Old Onagaming,
All bedecked with trail and bonnet,—
Brightly colored honor feathers,
Showing all his deeds of valor
Of his hunting trips and battles,—
All bedecked with beaded jacket,
And with moccasins and leggings,—
Then uprose their honored Chieftan,
And, as veto to their counsel,

Cast aside his costly weapons,
Tomahawk and bow and arrows,—
Cast aside his ponderous war-club.

All the braves sat still and listened,
Full of awe and full of wonder,
Not a stir was there among them
At the actions of the Chieftan;
Not a stir was there among them
As the old and wrinkled warrior
Thus with words so brief addressed them:
"Surely are these men you mention,
Men of white and ghostly faces,
Who thus kill the bear and panther
With no bow of ash or hickory,
With no shaft with head of flint-stone,—
Born they surely are not 'mong us,
Not in woods of Mitchie Keegan,—
Manito has sent them to us.
There below us in the river
Rides canoe so big no Indian
E'er could reach into the water
With his paddle made of basswood.
Likewise, too, these men, these strangers,
Far across the deep blue waters,
Far across the great Superior,
They have come on peaceful mission.
Behold them now, for they are landing!
See, they make no preparation
For the chase or for the battle!
See them slowly now advancing
With the peace sign, palm extended!

Shall we fight a peaceful people?
Shall we flee like deer before them?
Nay, my braves! Would such an action
All become your honored nation,
All become your chosen Chieftan?
With the peace sign as a token
Of our friendship let us meet them;
Let us hasten down to meet them
On the banks of Portage River."

And to them the Chief's suggestion
Was command, and they obeyed it:
Made their way unto the river
With the peace sign, palm extended.
From among the stranger white-men
Stepped two men in robes and necklace,
Robes of black with cross depending
From the chain of beads and silver.
Near a cross and flag before them
Knelt they down and others followed;
And the Indians at their beacon,
Standing by in great amazement,
First there knelt their brazen bodies
In submission to the white-men;
Dreaming not that in the kneeling
All their lands were taken from them;
Dreaming not that in the kneeling
They forsook a Greater Freedom.

Should you ask me more of history,—
Of the Catholic Priests and Jesuits,
Of the French Voyageurs and trappers;
Should you ask me of the English,
Of the pioneers and miners,
Of the soldiers of the Kingdom,
Of the greed of Yankee harpies,
I would turn away in sadness,
I would hide my face in anguish
In a solemn lamentation.
Should you ask me of the scratches
On the barren crest of Quincy,
I would point away and upward
To the silent Ground of Hunting,—
I would point into the west-wind
'Long the Trail of the Departed.
Should you ask me of their altar
In the River Ontanagon,
I would point into the east-wind
Where to-day it lies resplendent,
Shining Manito of worship,—
Now the god of many millions.

NOTE:—The setting of the above legend is the beautiful valley of Portage Lake, which, with the Ship Canal, cuts the bold Keweenaw Peninsula from the mainland and makes it an island in the great blue Superior. The incidents referred to are matters of early history or tradition. The great mass of copper—the Shining Manito of the redman—was undoubtedly shown the early whites by the Indians. There is little question but that it eventually led to prospecting for copper and the discovery of the ancient workings of a forgotten race. On the sites of many of these prehistoric pits now rise gigantic shaft-houses whose tremendous engines annually haul thousands of tons of the precious metal from the deepest accessible parts of the earth. This piece of copper, which had such close association with the religious life of the Indians of that region, was removed from its resting place in the River Ontonagon by a Detroit party. Later, however, it came into the possession of the United States and was placed in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. Copper, the most valuable metal in the electrical world, and still associated with the Indian in the white man's coin, is the god of many millions. Mitchie Keegan, means Michigan—the great lake land of the natives.

The scratches spoken of in the conclusion of this legend are the striæ cut deeply in the barren rock by the gigantic ice sheet that moved southward from polar regions in the prehistoric ages, sweeping everything but the firmest rock before it, and burying alike beneath it plant and animal life. Thus the Indian is to go before the "white avalanche," or to be buried in oblivion beneath it and the scratches mark the "Trail of the Departed." M. L.

## The Creation of Man

### A Legend of the Pottawatamies

As you hover round your fireplace
On the chilly nights of winter,
As you lie about your campfire
On the pleasant summer evenings,
Oft your mind reverts to thinking,
Oft your mind reverts to dreaming:
And you wonder why the earth is,
And you wonder more about it;
And you wonder why that man is,
And you wonder more about it;
And you wonder how it happened,
And you wonder more about it;
Wonder, reason, think, and ponder,
Till at last the mind refuses,
Till at last the head is nodding
And the eyelids blink for slumber.
Then it is that you will hunger
For the answer and solution;
Then it is you love tradition,
Love the legends of Creation,
Love the mysteries of the creatures;
Then it is that you will listen
To the king of story tellers.

Even now I hear a footstep,
Even now I see a shadow—
Can't you see the form approaching,
Coming from the gloomy darkness?
Don't you see him standing near us,
Just beyond the glow of embers?
See, his arm above is lifted!
See his right hand, palm extended!
He has come on peaceful mission:
Have no fear my good companions,—
'Tis my friend that stands before you.

From the woods of Mitchie Keegan,
From the valley O-wash-ta-nung
He has travelled on this mission:
Just this night to be among us,
Just this night to tell a story
How that man was first created.
This is Simon, Chief Po-ka'-gon.
As he draws his blanket round him,
Draw yourself a little closer;
As he squats on ground before you,
Seat yourself within the circle;
As he tells his simple story,
Do not break the profoundest silence
List the voice of Chief Po-ka'gon:

Told by fathers' fathers' fathers
Down from ancient generations,
Still is told among our people
This old Legend of Creation,—
Dimly seen through mists of ages.

Ki'ji Man'i-to' the Spirit,
Greatest Spirit of our people,
After He created No'-mash,
Fish of ni'bi-nong', the waters;
After he had made bi-nis'sig,
Fouls of no'din, air above us;
And the roving mon'-aw-to'auk,
Beasts of land and wood, of a'ki;
Pondered deeply o'er His labors:
Great indeed were His achievements,
Great indeed, but still they did not
Satisfy the grand conception
Of the Soul that stirred within Him.

Hence He called to Him a Council
Of His agents, Man'i-to'og,
Ruling Spirits of land and water,
And revealed His plan unto them:
How that nin'o-daw, His heart had
Purposed to create a being
That should stand upon his hind legs,
That should have an understanding
Greater still than all the creatures.

Nearly all the Ruling Spirits
Gave encouragement to His planning.
But not so the Spiritual Chieftans,
Nay, not so the Og'i-maw'og,
Man'i-to' the jealous rulers.
After talks and long discussions,

After long considerations
Quietly they withdrew from Council,
Stole away into the forest
There to hold a private pow-wow
To defeat the plan of Ki-ji,
Wow'-waw-tuck'; the Great Almighty.
But the loyal Man'i-to'og
Who refused to leave the Council
Stood aghast in awe and wonder,
Stood aghast as their Great Father,
Ki-ji Man'i-to', the Mighty,
Told them more about the being
He proposed to bring before them.

From the falling evening twilight
To the rising dawn of morning,—
Even through the night the Council
Was prolonged in earnest session:
Speakers challenged and were answerd,
Till at last the brilliant Ki'sus
Drove the mists of dawn before him.
Then the anxious Spirits questioned,
"Suns and moons will pass, how many,
Ere we shall behold this wonder."
Even then, while yet the question
Held upon their lips, ki-o'-don,
Even then He said unto them,
"Follow Me, my Man'i-to'og."
And He led them through the forest
To a silvery sheen of water,
To the Lake of Sag'i-i'gan.

As he stood there near the water
Flashed His eyes, the waw'saw mo'win,
Flashed His eyes, the streaked lightning.
Then the waters started boiling!
Then the earth beneath Him trembled!
Then He spake in voice of thunder:
"COME ON FORTH YE LORDS OF AU'-
KEE,
MASTERS NOW OF ALL THAT SHALL
BE."
Then the ground before Him opened!
Then like Ke'go from the water,
Like the flying fish in leaping,
From the red clay of the lake shore
Rose Au-ne'ne-ga'ie Ik'we,
Rose the lovers, Man and Woman.

In the presence of the new-born
Not a whisper broke the silence,—
All was still as Death about them.
O'er the lake a dark cloud hovered!
Lo, again the waters bubbled!
Once again the whole earth trembled,
Once again the thunder rumbled,
Once again the voice of Ki'ji
Echoed far across the valley:
"COME ON FORTH YE LOYAL SERV-
ANTS;
SERVE THY MASTER, AU'NISH-NAW'
BE."
Forth then leaped from out the water

Pair of snow white dogs, their servants
Ni'ji-wa'be gon' o-nim'og.
Forth they leaped and shook their bodies,
Sprang into the air in frolic,
Bounded to the virgin couple
And began to kiss their fingers
As a token of affection.

Then the bride and groom each other
Fondly kissed, for close together
They were drawn by love attraction:
Both in bloom of youth were perfect,—
Not a flaw was in their making.
Thus they stood in blushing nudeness;
Ki'gi-nos' maw-kaw' mis-taw'kaw,
Long black hair of them in streaming,
Waving in the nip'nong o'den,
Waving in the morning breezes,
Nearly reached the ground beneath them.
It in contrast with their color,
With their grace and forms so stately,
Far outrivaled all the beauty
Of the other living creatures.

Then they looked about in wonder:
They surveyed all moving creatures,
Gazed upon the towering tree tops,
At the grass, the flowers and water,
At the shade and at the sunshine.
Then again they kissed each other;
And from eye to eye reflected
All their love,—their only language.

Now at length the pretty maiden
Drew her hands from out her lover's,
Os'ki-naw'o-ning'i-maw'og,
Stole away into the forest,
Stole away into the shadows,
There to hide and watch his actions,
Thus to test his love and feelings.
Long in vain he sought to find her,
Long he wandered through the forest,
Long he searched the shady thickets;
Till at length his snow white servants,
Having scented out her footsteps,
Bellowed loudly, "We have found her."

Now when Mau'tchi Man'i-to'og,
All the evil Spiritual Chieftans,
Learned the great work had been finished,
Learned that Man'i-to', the Mighty,
Had completed what he dreamed of,
Sought they straightway for the couple,
For the new-born Man and Woman,—
Searched the woods until they found them.
And as they surveyed the beauty
Of their forms erect and lovely
Greater grew their awe and wonder,
Greater grew their admiration.

When they saw the Soul of Ki'ji,
Saw the Soul of God Almighty
Shining in their lovely faces
Shining like the noonday Ki'sus,

Then their hearts were stung and bitten
By the wasps, by mau'tchi a'mog,
By the wasps of jealous envy.
Hence they bound themselves together
In a solemn resolution,
That instead of living with them
In the peace they once held sacred
They would make them discontented,
They would make them most unhappy,
They would bring a gloom upon them.

Time rolled on and generations
Followed after generations,
Till at last our o'ni-go'maw,
Till at last our first ancestors
Thought that spirits good and evil,
Mau'tchi me'no Man'i-to'-og,
Held dominion o'er the mountains,
O'er the forests, plains and waters;
And they also thought these spirits
Were in part beneath their power.
More than that, they soon discovered
How that man, that Au'nish-naw'be,
Had possession of all wisdom
And the nature of all creatures.
And they learned a spiritual nature
Had been given by the Maker,
By the Mi'si ga'gi jit'og,
The Creator of all beings,
Of all things in Waw'kwing Au'kee,
Of all things in earth and heaven.

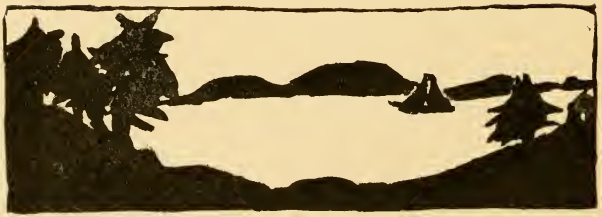
Hence when they were unsuccessful
In the chase or in the battle
It was all ascribed the spirits,
To the ruling evil spirits.
And when game was in abundance,
Or success was theirs in battle,
It was all ascribed the spirits,
To the good and kindly spirits
Holding sway across their country.
Sometimes to appease the spirits
Bringing bad luck to the people,
Fruit and grain was made an offering.
Only beasts were offered Ki'ji
Man'i-to' of Waw'kwing, Heaven,
Who alone was their Creator,
Who alone was God and Master.

In the olden time our people
In this manner named their children,—
Strange it seems to modern races:
When a child was born unto them,
Bird or beast he most resembled,
By that name they ever called him.
Then in after generations
Those that bore that name descended
From that bird or beast or creature—
Thought they did, at least they claimed so.
It might have been the big bear maw'qua,
Mi'gi-si' the soaring eagle,
Or the cunning fox, the waw'gosh.

So it followed, ages after,
Family, tribe, and clan adopted
As their emblematic "to-tum"
That from which they thus descended.
Oft they bore with them in battle
To'tum bird or other creature;
But they mostly used it painted,
As a flag, on smoke-tanned leather.
And it was to them an emblem
Of a royalty, and symbol
Of a loyalty abiding.
Any warrior brave in battle
First would give his life and perish
Than to lose his tribal To'tum.

## Benediction

Ugh, the embers now are glowing,
  And your head is drooping low,
So I surely must be going,
  If I'm ever going to go.
When at dawn you wake to miss me,
  You will wonder where I am:
I am where the white-dogs kiss me,
  To make room for Uncle Sam.



## The Boy With the Steam

The growing boy is a locomotive with steam up. Turn that steam through proper channels and it will do a tremendous task; let that steam blow off into the air and it is gone forever; keep it corked up and you had better move. The locomotive was made to run, to do something. So was the boy. It takes food, air and water to make steam in the boy. Steam means energy; it means life. A boy that's got the steam has got to move. He's got to be doing something, and doing that almighty hard, be it play or work.

A boy that's got the steam wants to be something. He's heroes to imitate. He wants to be what they are. A boy that's got the steam wants recognition for what he does. He likes a few feathers and a little brass.

We'e proud of that gigantic locomotive that pulls the Twentieth Century Limited from Chicago to New York in eighteen hours,—that marvelous masterpiece we have made, fired, polished, oiled and cared for. We're proud of the boy we've raised, fed, schooled and cared for. We'e proud of the boy that's got the steam. We'e proud of him when that steam is carried off in manly activities that develop character in him; we sigh softly when that steam sizzles off into the air and is wasted; we break into sobs and cry aloud when the terrible explosion comes and James has gone

to bad because we did not provide a vent for his steam.

Scouting furnishes a vent for the boy's steam. It does more than that. It provides a track on which this boy-locomotive may run easily and safely —with safety first. And the track it provides does not run aimlessly about and lead to nowhere. It is an air-line to Character, Manhood, Citizenship and Success. These are the four stations on the up-hill grade of achievement. It's a hard climb, but the boy that's got the steam and stays on the track will make the grade.

Your home is the round-house on the grade where it is steepest. You are the switchman. Turn your boy out the right door and he will make a manly climb—panting, puffing, chugging, climbing. Turn your boy out the wrong door and pay no attention to the throttle or the brake and he may take the path of least resistance down the rails through Blind Alley and Cigarette Street, across Whiskey River into the Marsh of Lost Hope. Whether your boy climbs the grade to Success or whether he slides to the Pit of Shame depends largely upon the chance you give him.

"Plenty of room for the dives and dens,
Glitter and glare of sin;
Plenty of room for the prison pens,
Gather the criminals in;
Plenty of room for the courts and jails,
Willing enough to pay;
But never a place for the boys to race,
Never a chance to play.

Plenty of room for shops and stores,
Mammon must have the best;
Plenty of room for the running sores,
That rot in the city's breast;
Plenty of room for the lures that lead
The hearts of our youths astray;
But never a cent on Jimmy spent
To give him his chance to play."

You as a father might have said," I can't afford to have my boy become a scout." Believe me, you can not afford not to have him be one. "A scout is thrifty. He works faithfully, wastes nothing and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or 'good turns.'" It only costs a trifle each year to be officially enrolled, and a uniform is not essential to good scouting.

You might have said, "Poor James is not strong enough." Then I say, give him a chance to grow; give him a chance to get out in the pure air and sunshine; give him a chance to exercise his muscles in fair play; give him a chance to roam the hills, to climb trees, to swim, to become self-reliant, resourceful and strong.

You might have said, "No, James must not be a scout. He's got too much school work to do. He must stay at home and study." Then let me ask you, what would it profit either you or James were he to acquire all the wisdom of the world

## Minimum Efficiency

MAXIMUM COST

NEGLECTED BOYS GAMBLING FOR PENNIES

Neglected boys are easily led by a bad leader into evil amusements and unhealthy surroundings

## Maximum Efficiency

MINIMUM COST

DIRECTED BOYS IN CLEAN, VIGOROUS SCOUT LIFE

Directed boys are easily led by a good leader into proper amusements and healthful surroundings

and yet have no brawn in his arm or lime in his spine? Man is a social being; so is a boy. He will learn more from his playmates than from his books. Then give him a chance to associate with a group of fellows that are clean in thought and speech and deed. Moreover scout training makes for better scholarship, loyalty to the teachers and the institution, and appreciation of the privileges provided.

You might have said, "I will tend to Jimmie's training at home." It is very well that you should. But would not the program of Scouting be a great help in doing that, for it teaches respect for parents, faithfulness in the performance of the home duties, and kindness and appreciation of the value of co-operation. "A scout is loyal and a scout is helpful."

You might have said, "No, James can not join the Scouts. He must go to church and Sunday school and be a nice little man." Very well! But we're not going to take him out of the church or away from Sunday school, but instead we're going to encourage him to attend. "A Scout is reverent. He is reverent towards God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion." Is there anything irreligious in getting a boy out into God's great out-of-doors where he may educate himself in the great works of the Father? Is there anything irreligious in teaching a boy to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful and friendly; to be

courteous at all times, kind to animals, cheerful under all circumstances; to have the courage to stand up for the right against the coaxing of his friends or the threats or jeers of those who are not; to keep clean in thought and speech and deed and travel with a clean crowd? Is there anything irreligious in always following the golden rule and in trying to be of some service to others each day?

You might have said, "Jimmie has got to work; he will have no time for this Scouting." Certainly it is very important that Jimmie should be taught to work. We need less loafers in our communities of today. But still, you know what all work and no play does to Jack. The same holds true for Jimmie. Do you want your boy to grow up to be a beast of burden, or do you want him to become self-reliant, resourceful, and have some real purpose in life. Scouting gives him a chance to discover himself. It is a valuable aid in helping him find his life's work. And the working for the various badges of achievement is real hard work, but it is work that is like play to the boy. Why? Because it is interesting; because it means something to him; because it gives him recognition for what he does. More than that, the whole idea of Scouting is to get away from the selfish motives and to train for worthwhile service for all. Give this Scout Movement it's rightful chance, as we are doing, and in two generations prisons, reformatories, jails, insane asylums, saloons, gambling houses and other places of ill-repute will be a thing of the past.

It has been said, "I don't believe in war. I'm for peace." And who said that expressed the great principle of the Scout Movement, a most powerful factor working for world-peace. If you raised your boy to be a MAN, a man of courageous character, a man that is willing to LIVE for his country, as well as himself, then you should welcome the great help that Scouting offers. There is no selfish motive back of this thing. The great aim is to make the boy an asset to his town and state, to train him, or rather let him educate himself for good manhood and citizenship.

It is no newborn theory or fad. It is based upon deep fundamental principles of boy nature and boy training. It has a tremendous automatic moral grip on the heart of the boy. It works.

Whether or not, then, your boy becomes a scout depends upon whether or not you want him to join the greatest movement the world has ever known for developing character in boys; whether or not you want him to enjoy his rightful chance to grow strong in the great out-of-doors; whether or not you want him governed in his daily life by the greatest moral code ever written—the scout law, which says that a scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent; whether or not you want him to stand, as a million other parents have had their boys stand, at attention, and promise upon his honor to do his duty to God and his country and obey the scout law, to help other people at all times, and to keep himself physically strong,

mentally awake and morally straight. It depends upon whether or not you want your boy to remain the Paleface James, the savage Jimmie, or grow into the manly Jim who will repay you and his country a thousand fold for having given him his rightful chance to

"Be Prepared."

**LOOK FORWARD!**

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